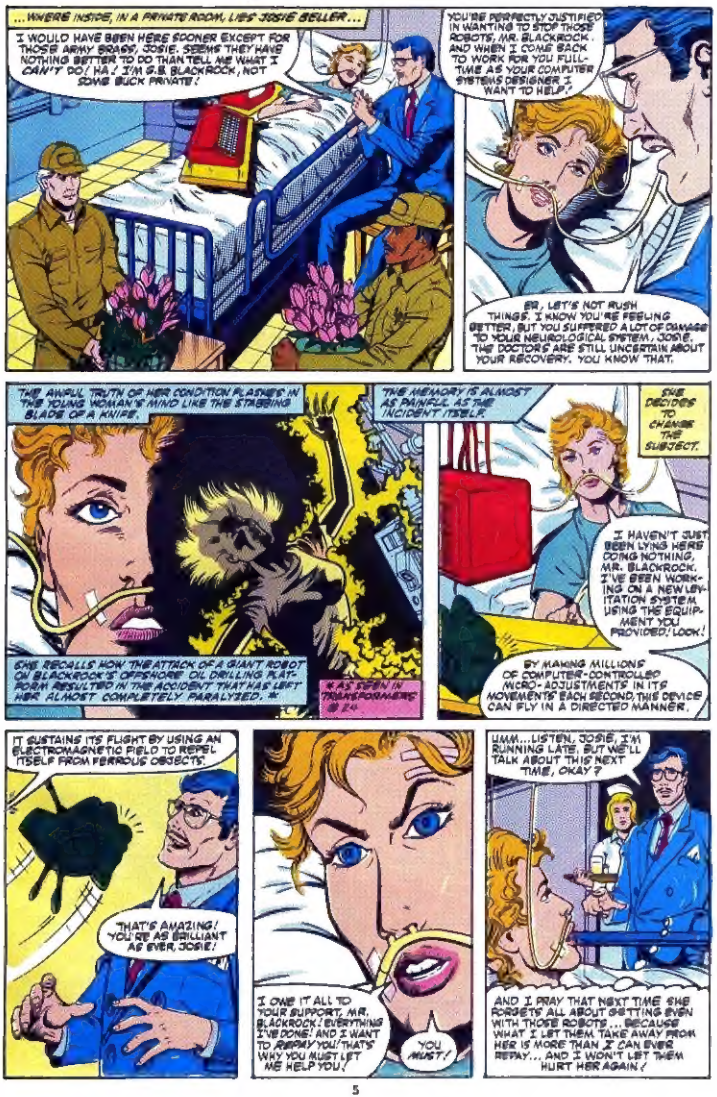
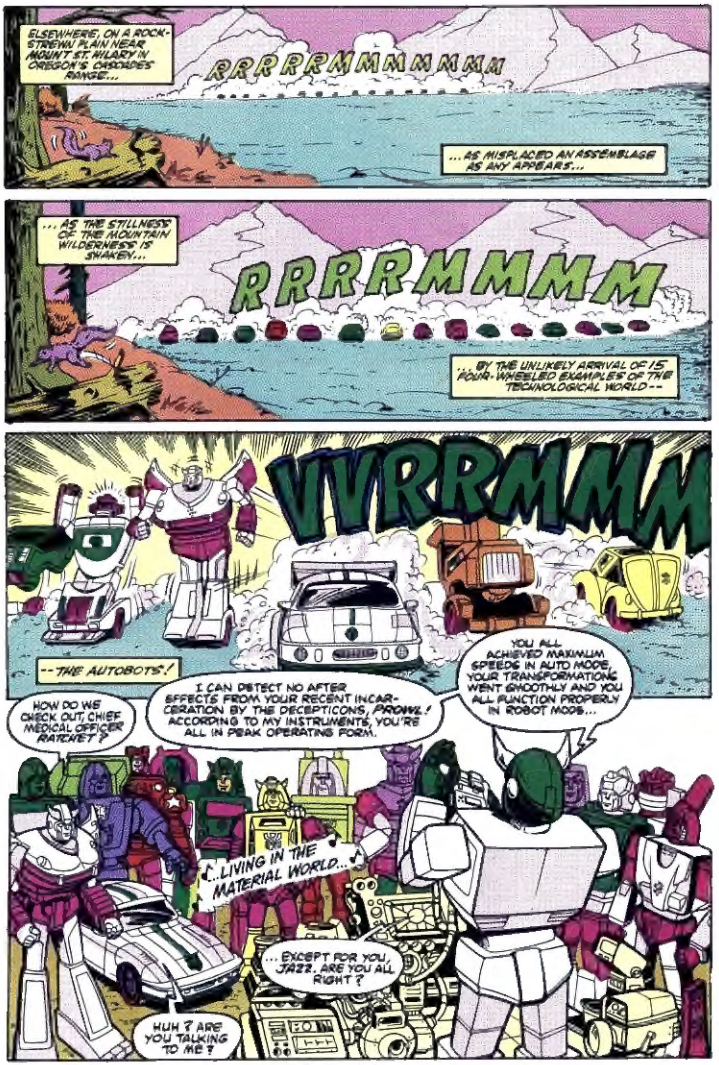
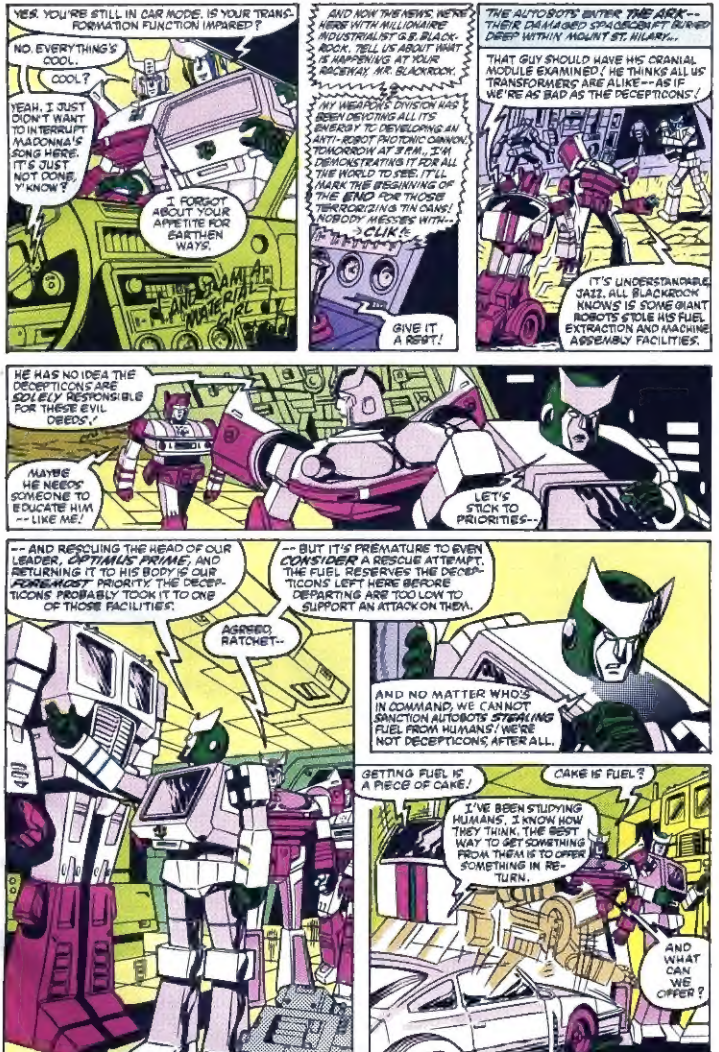
MARVEL
2nd Nov. '85
№33 30p
THE TRANSFORMERS
HEROIC AUTOBOT
AUTOBOTS-
DECEPTICONS-
-HUMANS!
Stand By For
CIRCUIT BREAKER!

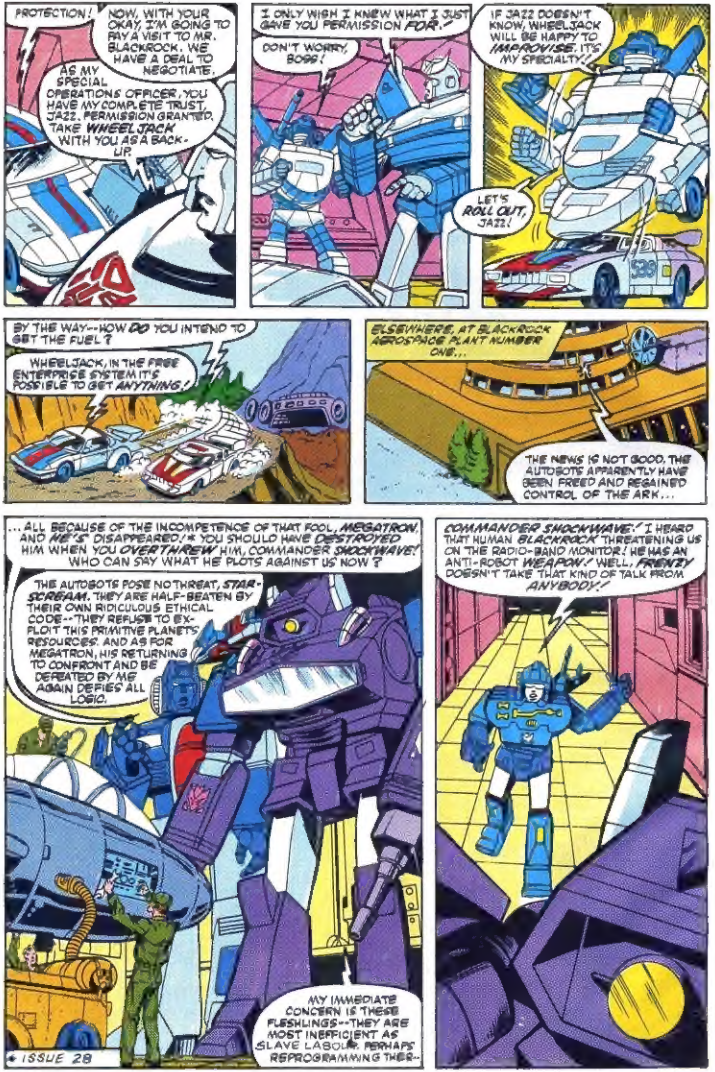
THE TRANSFORMERS
DIS-INTEGRATED CIRCUITS!
TEN A.M. AT BLACKROCK MOTOR SPEEDWAY ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF PORTLAND, OREGON...
HE HASN'T SEEN YOU YET, CHUCK! JUMP IN FRONT OF HIM, IF YOU HAVE TO!
THESE GENTLEMEN DON'T HAVE ALL DAY!
SPEEDWAY
GOODYEAR
CONCORD
I CAN'T HELP IT IF G.B. BLACKROCK PREFERS DRIVING HIS RACE CAR OVER TALKING TO HIS CHIEF OF STAFF, AMES!
BOB BUDIANSKY WRITER
MIKE MANLEY PENCILER
M. MANOS INKS
RICK PARKER LETTERS
NEIL YOMTOV COLOURS
JIM CHESLEY CREW CHIEF
JIM SHOOTER--PIT BOSS

WHAT IS IT NOW, AMES?
SSCREEEEEEE
SCREEEE
MY SCHEDULE WAS SUPPOSED TO ALLOW FOR TWO HOURS FOR PRACTICE LAPS -- AND I STILL HAVE FIVE MINUTES LEFT! DID YOU SCREW UP AGAIN?
G.B., THERE ARE SOME GENTLEMEN HERE WHO CAME TO SPEAK TO YOU.
AND I SUPPOSE YOU ARRANGE A MEETING FOR ANY DOLTS WHO WANT ONE, RIGHT? I'M A BUSY MAN, AMES! I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR ANYBODY WHO COMES ALONG AND--
--UH... EXCEPT SOMEBODY AS IMPORTANT AS GENERAL CARSHAW, A PLEASURE TO SEE YOU, GENERAL.
LET'S CUT THE BULL, BLACKROCK. THE ARMY'S BEEN READING SOME DISTURBING NEWS LATELY.
IT SAYS HERE YOU PLAN TO UNVEIL SOON A NEW WEAPON THAT'S SUPPOSED TO DESTROY GIANT ROBOTS LIKE THE ONES SIGHTED IN THIS AREA RECENTLY.
UNTIL THE ARMY DETERMINES WHO IS BEHIND THESE MACHINES WE THINK IT UNWISE TO NEEDLESSLY PUBLICIZE THIS PROBLEM. WE WANT YOU TO CANCEL YOUR PLANS.
I APPRECIATE THE ARMY'S CONCERN, GENERAL, BUT SO FAR I'VE LOST AN OIL DRILLING PLATFORM AND AN AEROSPACE ASSEMBLY PLANT TO THESE METAL MONSTERS! AND THEY HOLD SEVERAL DOZEN OF MY WORKERS HOSTAGE! I'M OBLIGATED TO GO AHEAD!
NONSENSE! THIS IS A NATIONAL SECURITY PROBLEM, MAN! WHERE'S YOUR SENSE OF PATRIOTISM?
GENERAL, MY EMPIRE WAS BUILT ON PROFITS, NOT THE ALTAR OF ALLEGIANCE! I HAVE INVESTORS LOOKING ELSEWHERE TO INVEST! I HAVE TO RESTORE THEIR FAITH IN BLACKROCK ENTERPRISES! I HAVE TO SHOW THEM I'M DOING SOMETHING!
A FOREIGN POWER COULD BE INVOLVED HERE -- MAYBE EVEN COMMUNISTS!
YOU WORRY ABOUT THE RUSSKIES, GENERAL -- I'LL WORRY ABOUT MY STOCKHOLDERS!
NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I HAVE A VERY IMPORTANT APPOINTMENT TO KEEP!
SOON, AT THE NEARBY BLACKROCK CHRONIC CARE INSTITUTE...


...WHERE INSIDE, IN A PRIVATE ROOM, LIES JOSIE BELLER...
I WOULD HAVE BEEN HERE SOONER EXCEPT FOR THOSE ARMY BRASS, JOSIE. SEEMS THEY HAVE NOTHING BETTER TO DO THAN TELL ME WHAT I CAN'T DO! HA! I'M S.S. BLACKROCK, NOT SOME BUCK PRIVATE!
YOU'RE PERFECTLY JUSTIFIED IN WANTING TO STOP THOSE ROBOTS, MR. BLACKROCK. AND WHEN I COME BACK TO WORK FOR YOU FULL-TIME AS YOUR COMPUTER SYSTEMS DESIGNER I WANT TO HELP!
ER, LET'S NOT RUSH THINGS. I KNOW YOU'RE FEELING BETTER, BUT YOU SUFFERED A LOT OF DAMAGE TO YOUR NEUROLOGICAL SYSTEM, JOSIE. THE DOCTORS ARE STILL UNCERTAIN ABOUT YOUR RECOVERY. YOU KNOW THAT.
THE AWFUL TRUTH OF HER CONDITION FLASHES IN THE YOUNG WOMAN'S MIND LIKE THE STABBING BLADE OF A KNIFE.
SHE RECALLS HOW THE ATTACK OF A GIANT ROBOT ON BLACKROCK'S OFFSHORE OIL DRILLING PLATFORM RESULTED IN THE ACCIDENT THAT HAS LEFT HER ALMOST COMPLETELY PARALYZED. *
* AS SEEN IN TRANSFORMERS #24
THE MEMORY IS ALMOST AS PAINFUL AS THE INCIDENT ITSELF.
SHE DECIDES TO CHANGE THE SUBJECT.
I HAVEN'T JUST BEEN LYING HERE DOING NOTHING, MR. BLACKROCK. I'VE BEEN WORKING ON A NEW LEVITATION SYSTEM, USING THE EQUIPMENT YOU PROVIDED! LOOK!
BY MAKING MILLIONS OF COMPUTER-CONTROLLED MICRO-ADJUSTMENTS IN ITS MOVEMENTS EACH SECOND, THIS DEVICE CAN FLY IN A DIRECTED MANNER.
IT SUSTAINS ITS FLIGHT BY USING AN ELECTROMAGNETIC FIELD TO REPEL ITSELF FROM FERROUS OBJECTS.
THAT'S AMAZING! YOU'RE AS BRILLIANT AS EVER, JOSIE!
I OWE IT ALL TO YOUR SUPPORT, MR. BLACKROCK. EVERYTHING I'VE DONE! AND I WANT TO REPAY YOU. THAT'S WHY YOU MUST LET ME HELP YOU.
YOU MUST.
UMM... LISTEN, JOSIE, I'M RUNNING LATE. BUT WE'LL TALK ABOUT THIS NEXT TIME, OKAY?
AND I PRAY THAT NEXT TIME SHE FORGETS ALL ABOUT SETTING EVEN WITH THOSE ROBOTS... BECAUSE WHAT I LET THEM TAKE AWAY FROM HER IS MORE THAN I CAN EVER REPAY... AND I WON'T LET THEM HURT HER AGAIN!

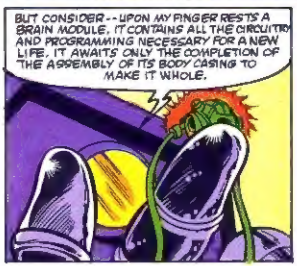

ELSEWHERE, ON A ROCK-STREWN PLAIN NEAR MOUNT ST. HILARY IN OREGON'S CASCADES RANGE...
RRRRRMMMMMMM
... AS MISPLACED AN ASSEMBLAGE AS ANY APPEARS...
... AS THE STILLNESS OF THE MOUNTAIN WILDERNESS IS SHAKEN...
RRRRMMMM
... BY THE UNLIKELY ARRIVAL OF 15 FOUR-WHEELED EXAMPLES OF THE TECHNOLOGICAL WORLD--
VVRRMMM
--THE AUTOBOTS!
HOW DO WE CHECK OUT CHIEF MEDICAL OFFICER RATCHET?
I CAN DETECT NO AFTER EFFECTS FROM YOUR RECENT INCARCERATION BY THE DECEPTICONS, PROWL! ACCORDING TO MY INSTRUMENTS, YOU'RE ALL IN PEAK OPERATING FORM.
YOU ALL ACHIEVED MAXIMUM SPEEDS IN AUTO MODE, YOUR TRANSFORMATIONS WENT SMOOTHLY AND YOU ALL FUNCTION PROPERLY IN ROBOT MODE...
♪..LIVING IN THE MATERIAL WORLD...♪
... EXCEPT FOR YOU, JAZZ. ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
HUH? ARE YOU TALKING TO ME?


YES. YOU'RE STILL IN CAR MODE. IS YOUR TRANSFORMATION FUNCTION IMPAIRED?
NO. EVERYTHING'S COOL.
COOL?
YEAH, I JUST DIDN'T WANT TO INTERRUPT MADONNA'S SONG HERE. IT'S JUST NOT DONE, Y'KNOW?
I FORGOT ABOUT YOUR APPETITE FOR EARTHEN WAYS.
AND NOW THE NEWS. WE'RE HERE WITH MILLIONAIRE INDUSTRIALIST G.B. BLACKROCK. TELL US ABOUT WHAT IS HAPPENING AT YOUR RACEWAY, MR. BLACKROCK.
MY WEAPON'S DIVISION HAS BEEN DEVOTING ALL ITS ENERGY TO DEVELOPING AN ANTI-ROBOT PHOTONIC CANNON. TOMORROW AT 3 P.M., I'M DEMONSTRATING IT FOR ALL THE WORLD TO SEE. IT'LL MARK THE BEGINNING OF THE END FOR THOSE TERRORIZING TIN CANS! NOBODY MESSES WITH--
CLIK
GIVE IT A REST!
THE AUTOBOTS ENTER THE ARK--THERE ON HIGHLY SPECIFIC ORDERS DEEP WITHIN MOUNT ST. HILARY...
THAT GUY SHOULD HAVE HIS CRANIAL MODULE EXAMINED! HE THINKS ALL US TRANSFORMERS ARE ALIKE--AS IF WE'RE AS BAD AS THE DECEPTICONS!
IT'S UNDERSTANDABLE, JAZZ. ALL BLACKROCK KNOWS IS SOME GIANT ROBOTS STOLE HIS FUEL EXTRACTION AND MACHINE ASSEMBLY FACILITIES.
HE HAS NO IDEA THE DECEPTICONS ARE SOLELY RESPONSIBLE FOR THESE EVIL DEEDS.
MAYBE HE NEEDS SOMEONE TO EDUCATE HIM--LIKE ME!
LET'S STICK TO PRIORITIES--
--AND RESCUING THE HEAD OF OUR LEADER, OPTIMUS PRIME, AND RETURNING IT TO HIS BODY IS OUR FOREMOST PRIORITY. THE DECEPTICONS PROBABLY TOOK IT TO ONE OF THOSE FACILITIES.
AGREED, RATCHET--
--BUT IT'S PREMATURE TO EVEN CONSIDER A RESCUE ATTEMPT. THE FUEL RESERVES THE DECEPTICONS LEFT HERE BEFORE DEPARTING ARE TOO LOW TO SUPPORT AN ATTACK ON THEM.
AND NO MATTER WHO'S IN COMMAND, WE CANNOT SANCTION AUTOBOTS STEALING FUEL FROM HUMANS! WE'RE NOT DECEPTICONS, AFTER ALL.
GETTING FUEL IS A PIECE OF CAKE!
CAKE IS FUEL?
I'VE BEEN STUDYING HUMANS. I KNOW HOW THEY THINK. THE BEST WAY TO GET SOMETHING FROM THEM IS TO OFFER SOMETHING IN RETURN.
AND WHAT CAN WE OFFER?

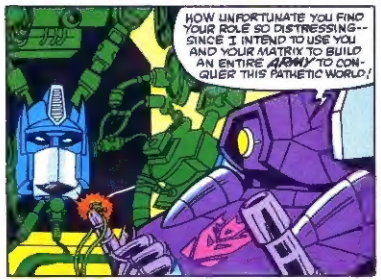

PROTECTION!
NOW, WITH YOUR OKAY, I'M GOING TO PAY A VISIT TO MR. BLACKROCK. WE HAVE A DEAL TO NEGOTIATE.
AS MY SPECIAL OPERATIONS OFFICER, YOU HAVE MY COMPLETE TRUST, JAZZ. PERMISSION GRANTED. TAKE WHEELJACK WITH YOU AS A BACK-UP.
I ONLY WISH I KNEW WHAT I JUST GAVE YOU PERMISSION FOR...
DON'T WORRY, BOSS!
IF JAZZ DOESN'T KNOW, WHEELJACK WILL BE HAPPY TO IMPROVISE. IT'S MY SPECIALTY.
LET'S ROLL OUT, JAZZ!
BY THE WAY--HOW DO YOU INTEND TO GET THE FUEL?
WHEELJACK, IN THE FREE ENTERPRISE SYSTEM IT'S POSSIBLE TO GET ANYTHING!
ELSEWHERE, AT BLACKROCK AEROSPACE PLANT NUMBER ONE...
THE NEWS IS NOT GOOD. THE AUTOBOTS APPARENTLY HAVE BEEN FREED AND REGAINED CONTROL OF THE ARK...
...ALL BECAUSE OF THE INCOMPETENCE OF THAT FOOL, MEGATRON, AND HE'S DISAPPEARED.* YOU SHOULD HAVE DESTROYED HIM WHEN YOU OVERTHREW HIM, COMMANDER SHOCKWAVE! WHO CAN SAY WHAT HE PLOTS AGAINST US NOW?
THE AUTOBOTS POSE NO THREAT, STARSCREAM. THEY ARE HALF-BEATEN BY THEIR OWN RIDICULOUS ETHICAL CODE--THEY REFUSE TO EXPLOIT THIS PRIMITIVE PLANET'S RESOURCES. AND AS FOR MEGATRON, HIS RETURNING TO CONFRONT AND BE DEFEATED BY ME AGAIN DEFIES ALL LOGIC.
MY IMMEDIATE CONCERN IS THESE FLESHLINGS--THEY ARE MOST INEFFICIENT AS SLAVE LABOUR. PERHAPS REPROGRAMMING THEM--
COMMANDER SHOCKWAVE:* I HEARD THAT HUMAN BLACKROCK THREATENING US ON THE RADIO-BAND MONITOR! HE HAS AN ANTI-ROBOT WEAPON! WELL, FRENZY DOESN'T TAKE THAT KIND OF TALK FROM ANYBODY!*
* ISSUE 28

I'LL SHOW HIM! I'LL RAM THIS ENTIRE JET DOWN HIS VOCAL MODULE PIECE BY PIECE!
RRRIP
AND THEN I'LL--
FRENZY. THREATS FROM HUMANS ARE NOT WORTHY OF OUR SLIGHTEST NOTICE. MY PLANS MAKE NO ALLOWANCE FOR YOUR ILL-CONCEIVED WHIMS.
WELL, I'M MAD AND I'VE GOTTA SMASH SOMETHING! SOMEONE'S GONNA PAY!
BUZZSAW--
THE SILENT, BIRD-LIKE DECEPTICON STIRS...
...AND SUDDENLY EXPLODES INTO LIGHTNING-SWIFT ACTION.
HEY! HE SLICED THAT LIKE IT WAS TIN FOIL!
NEXT TIME YOU ARE INSUBORDINATE, BUZZSAW WILL AIM LOWER--FOR YOUR WRIST!
UH...YES, COMMANDER SHOCKWAVE...
A BIT OF MAYHEM ON THE HUMANS MIGHT BOOST MORALE--WE'VE BEEN INACTIVE FOR TOO LONG! AND DESTROYING A MERE HUMAN WEAPON POSES NO DANGER!
THAT IS, UNLESS I STEAL IT AND USE IT TO DESTROY YOU, SHOCKWAVE!
WHAT YOU SAY IS LOGICAL. ACCOMPANY FRENZY AND DESTROY THE WEAPON, STARSCREAM.
AS YOU COMMAND.
I HAVE OTHER MATTERS TO ATTEND TO.

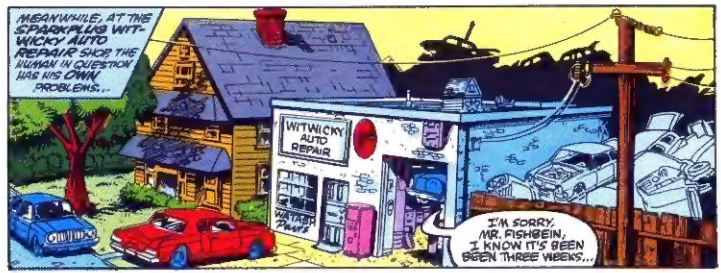
MOMENTS LATER, IN ANOTHER AREA OF THE PLANT...
I SEE THE NEXT GENERATION OF DECEPTICONS IS THRIVING. YOU MUST TAKE GREAT PLEASURE IN THEIR CONTINUED HEALTH, DO YOU NOT, OPTIMUS PRIME?
I TAKE NO PLEASURE IN ANYTHING ABOUT THE DECEPTICONS--EXCEPT KNOWING THEIR EVIL SHALL ULTIMATELY BE DESTROYED!

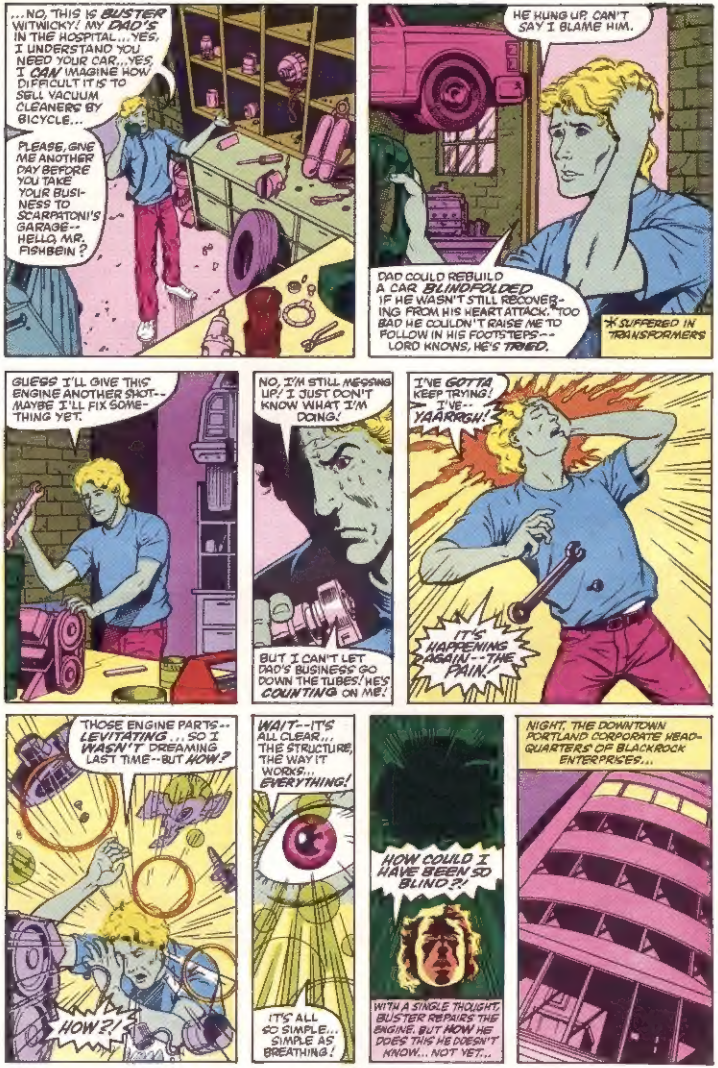

BUT CONSIDER--UPON MY FINGER RESTS A BRAIN MODULE. IT CONTAINS ALL THE CIRCUITRY AND PROGRAMMING NECESSARY FOR A NEW LIFE. IT AWAITS ONLY THE COMPLETION OF THE ASSEMBLY OF ITS BODY CASING TO MAKE IT WHOLE.

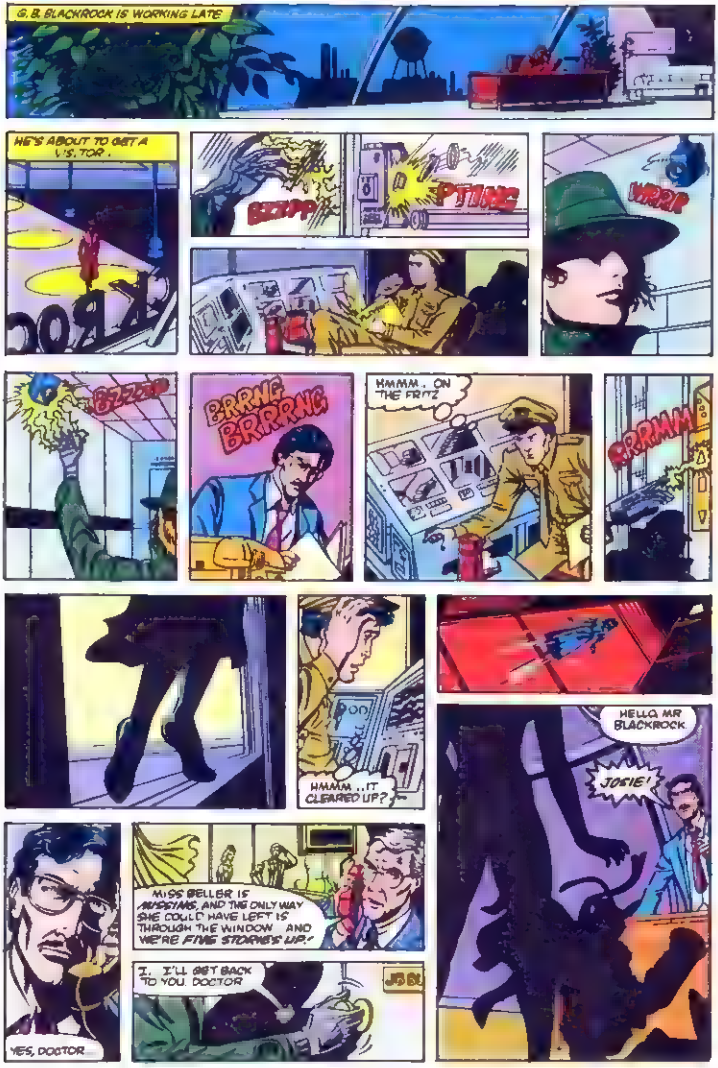
AND YOU CREATED THIS LIFE WITH YOUR OWN CREATION MATRIX. IT WOULD BE LOGICAL FOR SUCH AN EVENT TO BRING YOU JOY.
SUCH USE OF THE MATRIX IS A FOUL PERVERSION OF ITS SACRED PURPOSE, SHOCKWAVE. MY INVOLUNTARY PARTICIPATION IN CREATING THESE NEW DECEPTICONS ONLY STRENGTHENS MY RESOLVE TO STOP YOU!

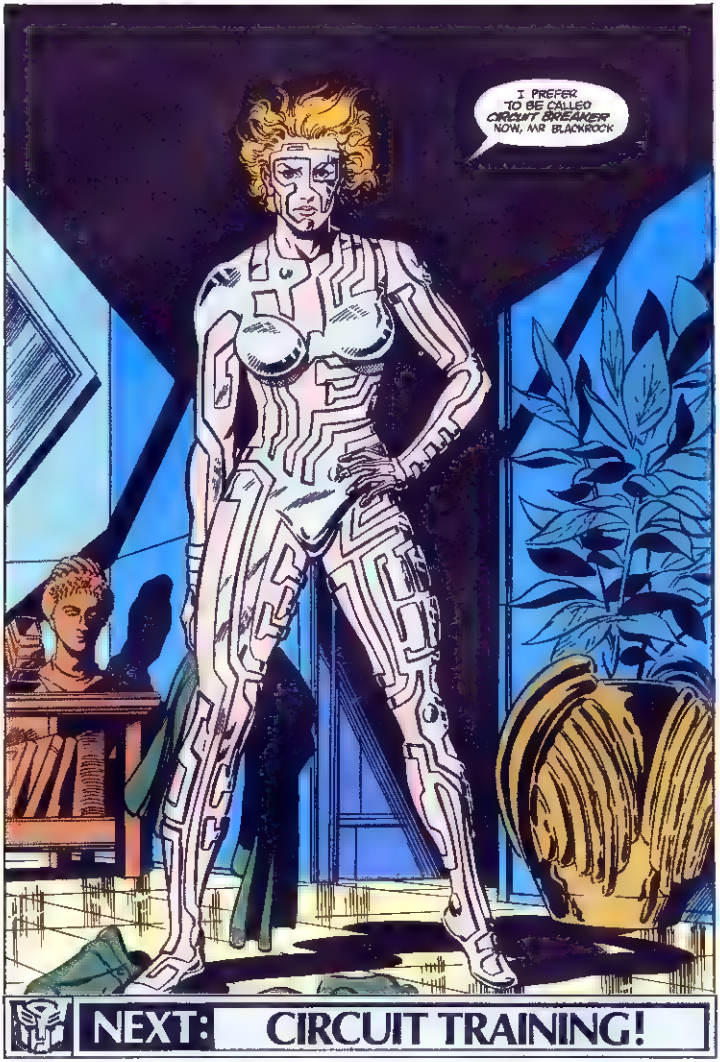

HOW UNFORTUNATE YOU FIND YOUR ROLE SO DISTRESSING--SINCE I INTEND TO USE YOU AND YOUR MATRIX TO BUILD AN ENTIRE ARMY TO CONQUER THIS PATHETIC WORLD!

THAT WILL BE DIFFICULT, SHOCKWAVE... SINCE I TRANSFERRED THE CREATION MATRIX TO A HUMAN AND YOU'LL NEVER FIND OUT WHO HE IS!


MEANWHILE, AT THE SPARKPLUG WITWICKY AUTO REPAIR SHOP, THE HUMAN IN QUESTION HAS HIS OWN PROBLEMS...
WITWICKY AUTO REPAIR
I'M SORRY, MR. FISHBEIN, I KNOW IT'S BEEN BEEN THREE WEEKS...


...NO, THIS IS BUSTER WITWICKY! MY DAD'S IN THE HOSPITAL... YES, I UNDERSTAND YOU NEED YOUR CAR... YES, I CAN IMAGINE HOW DIFFICULT IT IS TO SELL VACUUM CLEANERS BY BICYCLE...
PLEASE, GIVE ME ANOTHER DAY BEFORE YOU TAKE YOUR BUSINESS TO SCARPATONI'S GARAGE-- HELLO, MR. FISHBEIN?
HE HUNG UP. CAN'T SAY I BLAME HIM.
DAD COULD REBUILD A CAR BLINDFOLDED IF HE WASN'T STILL RECOVERING FROM HIS HEART ATTACK. TOO BAD HE COULDN'T RAISE ME TO FOLLOW IN HIS FOOTSTEPS-- LORD KNOWS, HE'S TRIED.
*SUFFERED IN TRANSFORMERS
GUESS I'LL GIVE THIS ENGINE ANOTHER SHOT-- MAYBE I'LL FIX SOMETHING YET.
NO, I'M STILL MESSING UP! I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M DOING!
BUT I CAN'T LET DAD'S BUSINESS GO DOWN THE TUBES! HE'S COUNTING ON ME!
I'VE GOTTA KEEP TRYING! I'VE-- YAARRGH!
IT'S HAPPENING AGAIN-- THE PAIN.
THOSE ENGINE PARTS-- LEVITATING... SO I WASN'T DREAMING LAST TIME-- BUT HOW?
HOW?!
WAIT-- IT'S ALL CLEAR... THE STRUCTURE, THE WAY IT WORKS... EVERYTHING!
IT'S ALL SO SIMPLE... SIMPLE AS BREATHING!
HOW COULD I HAVE BEEN SO BLIND?!
WITH A SINGLE THOUGHT, BUSTER REPAIRS THE ENGINE. BUT HOW HE DOES THIS HE DOESN'T KNOW... NOT YET...
NIGHT. THE DOWNTOWN PORTLAND CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS OF BLACKROCK ENTERPRISES...


G. B. BLACKROCK IS WORKING LATE
HE'S ABOUT TO GET A VISITOR..
BZZZPP
PTING
WRRR
BZZZPP
BRRNG BRRRNG
HMMM.. ON THE FRITZ
BRRMM
HMMM..IT CLEARED UP?
HELLO MR BLACKROCK
JOSIE!
MISS BELLER IS MISSING, AND THE ONLY WAY SHE COULD HAVE LEFT IS THROUGH THE WINDOW AND WE'RE FIVE STORIES UP.
I.. I'LL GET BACK TO YOU DOCTOR
YES, DOCTOR


I PREFER TO BE CALLED CIRCUIT BREAKER NOW, MR BLACKROCK
NEXT: CIRCUIT TRAINING!

MARVEL
9th Nov. '85
№34 30p

THE TRANSFORMERS™

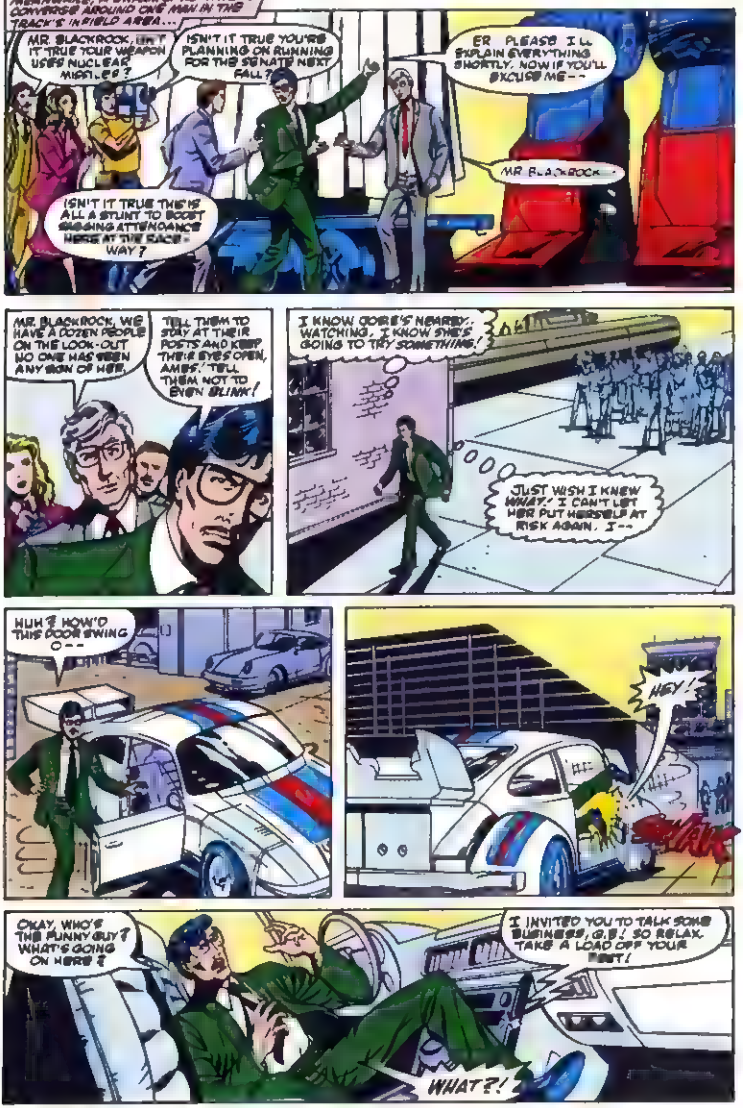
HEROIC AUTOBOT

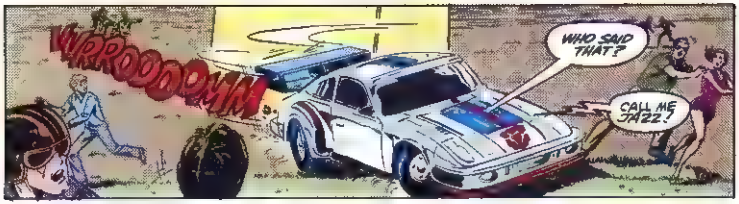
STARSCREAM Vs. CIRCUIT BREAKER

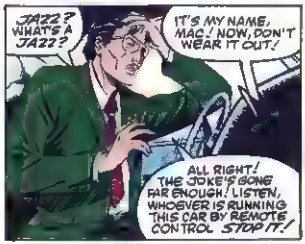
BATTLE OF THE AUTOBOT HATERS!

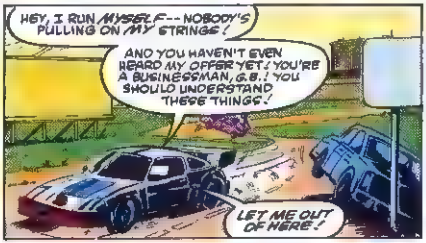
I'VE COME BACK TO WORK FOR YOU. I WANT TO HELP YOU DESTROY THOSE ROBOTS. ALL OF THEM.
BUT HOW ARE YOU HERE? I SAW YOU THIS MORNING--YOU WERE STILL PARALYZED!
I STILL AM. I'LL SHOW YOU. PRESS THIS ON MY LEFT SHOULDER.
IT...IT'S UNRAVELING! THIS METAL TAPE IS COMING OFF YOUR WHOLE ARM!
IT'S NOT JUST TAPE. IT'S CIRCUITRY. SEE--? WITHOUT IT, MY ARM IS JUST AS HELPLESS AS IT WAS THIS MORNING. I CAN'T MOVE IT AT ALL.
I DESIGNED THIS OUTFIT TO DUPLICATE THE FUNCTIONS OF MY NERVOUS SYSTEM. AS LONG AS I'M WEARING IT I CAN DO ANYTHING I WAS ABLE TO DO BEFORE THE ACCIDENT--
--AND MORE!
I CAN ACCESS COMPUTER FILES--NO MATTER HOW WELL PROTECTED--READ THEM, RE-PROGRAM THEM WITH JUST A THOUGHT IF I WISH--
I CAN EVEN DISRUPT THEIR OPERATION!
ALSO, JUST LIKE THAT DEVICE YOU SAW EARLIER. I CAN FLY BY ELECTROMAGNETIZING MY BODY AND REPELLING MYSELF FROM NEARBY IRON-BEARING OBJECTS. MY FLIGHT IS DETERMINED BY THOUSANDS OF COMPUTER-CONTROLLED ADJUSTMENTS PER SECOND IN MY MOVEMENTS.

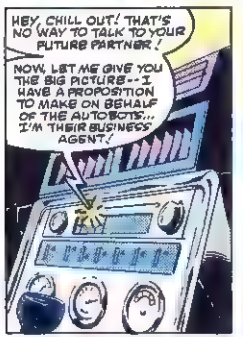
AND, USING THE ENERGY SUPPLIED BY THE ATOMIC-POWERED MICRO-BATTERIES INCORPORATED INTO MY CIRCUITRY, I CAN DO THIS--
SPKOW
THAT WAS ONLY A FRACTION OF THE ELECTRICITY I CAN RELEASE.
SO, MR. BLACKROCK, WHEN DO WE START GOING AFTER THOSE ROBOTS?
WE ARE NOT DOING ANYTHING
"THAT WAS AN IMPRESSIVE DISPLAY, JOSIE, BUT THE BEST THING FOR YOU TO DO IS RETURN TO THE HOSPITAL. THOSE ROBOTS HAVE ALREADY HURT YOU ONCE. I WON'T LET THEM HURT YOU AGAIN."
I... I SWEAR I'LL DO EVERYTHING I CAN DO TO STOP THEM, JOSIE. TRUST ME
DO WHAT YOU WANT, MR BLACKROCK. I'LL DO WHAT I WANT
"THE NEXT DAY, AN OVERFLOW CROWD FILLS THE STANDS OF BLACKROCK MOTOR SPEEDWAY AS THEY EAGERLY AWAIT THE MOST HYPED MEDIA EVENT OF THE YEAR"


MEANWHILE, A SWARM OF REPORTERS CONVERGE AROUND ONE MAN IN THE TRACK'S INFIELD AREA...
MR. BLACKROCK, ISN'T IT TRUE YOUR WEAPON USES NUCLEAR MISSILES?
ISN'T IT TRUE YOU'RE PLANNING ON RUNNING FOR THE SENATE NEXT FALL?
ER, PLEASE! I'LL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING SHORTLY. NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME--
MR. BLACKROCK--
ISN'T IT TRUE THIS IS ALL A STUNT TO BOOST SAGGING ATTENDANCE HERE AT THE RACE-WAY?
MR. BLACKROCK, WE HAVE A DOZEN PEOPLE ON THE LOOK-OUT WHO ONE HAS SEEN ANY SIGN OF HER.
TELL THEM TO STAY AT THEIR POSTS AND KEEP THEIR EYES OPEN, AMES. TELL THEM NOT TO EVEN BLINK!
I KNOW GOBIE'S NEARBY, WATCHING. I KNOW SHE'S GOING TO TRY SOMETHING!
JUST WISH I KNEW WHAT. I CAN'T LET HER PUT HERSELF AT RISK AGAIN. I--
HUH? HOW'D THIS DOOR SWING O--
HEY!
SMACK
OKAY, WHO'S THE FUNNY GUY? WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
I INVITED YOU TO TALK SOME BUSINESS, G.B.! SO RELAX. TAKE A LOAD OFF YOUR FEET!
WHAT?!

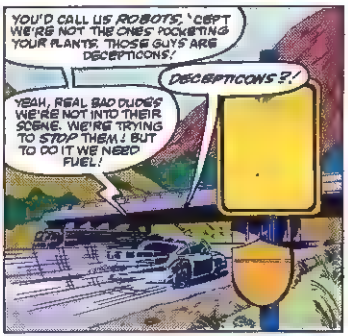

VRROOOOOMM
WHO SAID THAT?
CALL ME JAZZ!


JAZZ? WHAT'S A JAZZ?
IT'S MY NAME, MAC! NOW, DON'T WEAR IT OUT!
ALL RIGHT! THE JOKE'S GONE FAR ENOUGH! LISTEN, WHOEVER IS RUNNING THIS CAR BY REMOTE CONTROL STOP IT!

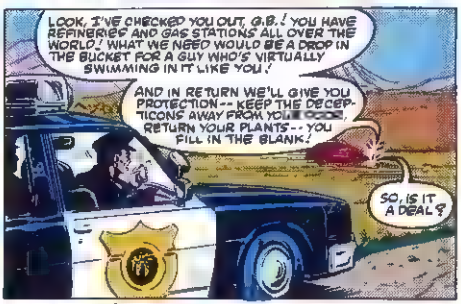

HEY, I RUN MYSELF--- NOBODY'S PULLING ON MY STRINGS!
AND YOU HAVEN'T EVEN HEARD MY OFFER YET! YOU'RE A BUSINESSMAN, G.B.! YOU SHOULD UNDERSTAND THESE THINGS!
LET ME OUT OF HERE!


HEY, CHILL OUT! THAT'S NO WAY TO TALK TO YOUR FUTURE PARTNER!
NOW, LET ME GIVE YOU THE BIG PICTURE--I HAVE A PROPOSITION TO MAKE ON BEHALF OF THE AUTOBOTS... I'M THEIR BUSINESS AGENT!

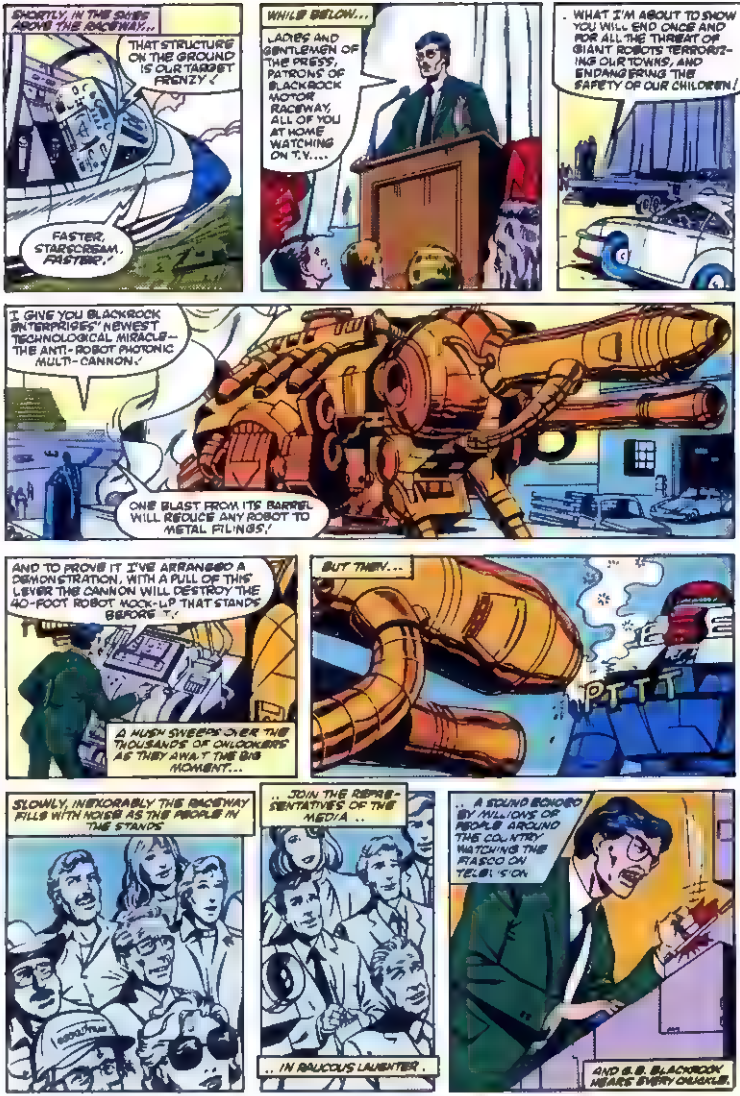
AUTOBOTS?!

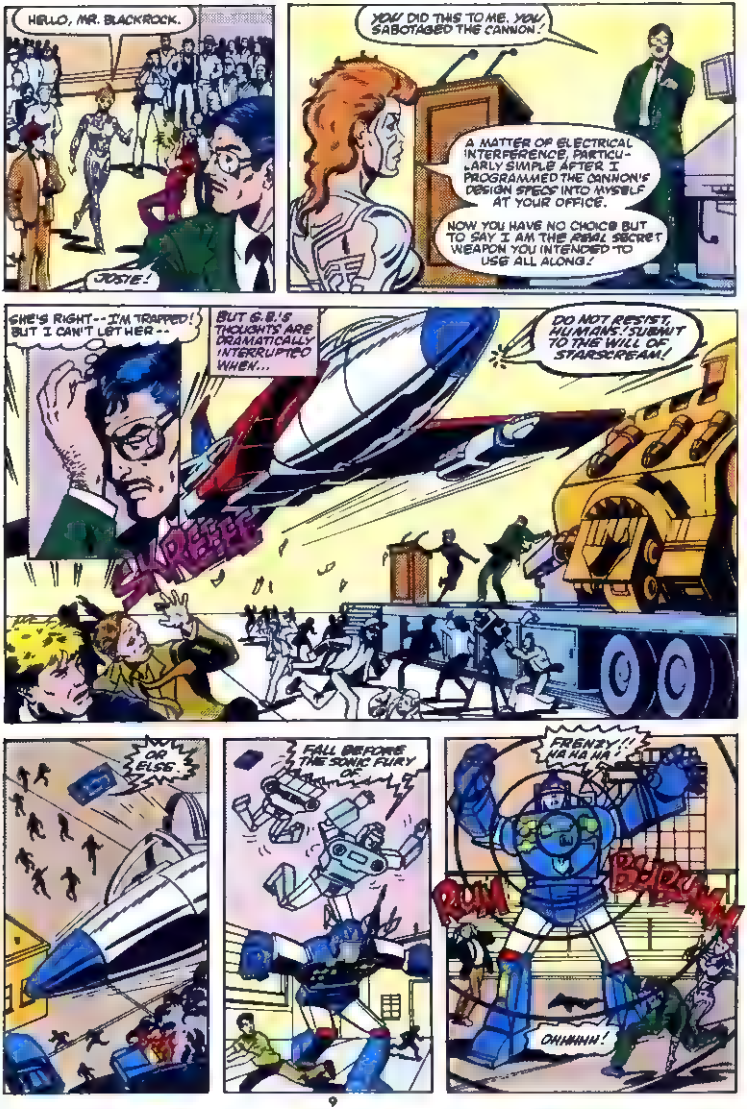

YOU'D CALL US ROBOTS, 'CEPT WE'RE NOT THE ONES POCKETING YOUR PLANTS. THOSE GUYS ARE DECEPTICONS!
DECEPTICONS?!
YEAH, REAL BAD DUDES WE'RE NOT INTO THEIR SCENE. WE'RE TRYING TO STOP THEM! BUT TO DO IT WE NEED FUEL!

FUEL?!
IS THERE AN ECHO IN HERE?


LOOK, I'VE CHECKED YOU OUT, G.B.! YOU HAVE REFINERIES AND GAS STATIONS ALL OVER THE WORLD! WHAT WE NEED WOULD BE A DROP IN THE BUCKET FOR A GUY WHO'S VIRTUALLY SWIMMING IN IT LIKE YOU!
AND IN RETURN WE'LL GIVE YOU PROTECTION--- KEEP THE DECEPTICONS AWAY FROM YOU[illegible], RETURN YOUR PLANTS--- YOU FILL IN THE BLANK!
SO, IS IT A DEAL?

DEAL?
I GIVE YOU MY WORD AS AN AUTOBOT, S.S WE AUTOBOTS ARE STRICTLY ON THE UP-AND-UP!
I THINK THOSE COPS WANT US TO SLOW DOWN!
WHOOOO
WHOOOO
IT'S NOT MY STYLE TO SLOW DOWN!
BUT THEY'RE WELCOME TO FOLLOW ME.
NO!
YOU PLANNED TO KILL ME ALL ALONG?
KILL YOU?
BUT YOU STILL HAVEN'T SIGNED
ON THE DOTTED LINE
YOU REALLY ARE A ROBOT
I'M AN AUTOBOT, IF I WERE A DECEP. 'BOON I WOULD'VE LET YOU BOUNCE ME A COUPLE OF TIMES BEFORE SCRAPING YOU OFF THE GROUND!
SO, DO WE HAVE A DEAL, S.S?
YEAH, WELL, WHY NOT?
DEAL!
CAR TWENTY-FIVE TO BASE, REPORTING A... UH, I'M NOT EXACTLY SURE WHAT...


SHORTLY, IN THE SKIES ABOVE THE RACEWAY...
THAT STRUCTURE ON THE GROUND IS OUR TARGET FRENZY!
FASTER, STARSCREAM, FASTER!
WHILE BELOW...
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS, PATRONS OF BLACKROCK MOTOR RACEWAY, ALL OF YOU AT HOME WATCHING ON T.V....
WHAT I'M ABOUT TO SHOW YOU WILL END ONCE AND FOR ALL THE THREAT OF GIANT ROBOTS TERRORIZING OUR TOWNS, AND ENDANGERING THE SAFETY OF OUR CHILDREN!
I GIVE YOU BLACKROCK ENTERPRISES' NEWEST TECHNOLOGICAL MIRACLE-- THE ANTI-ROBOT PHOTONIC MULTI-CANNON!
ONE BLAST FROM ITS BARREL WILL REDUCE ANY ROBOT TO METAL FILINGS!
AND TO PROVE IT I'VE ARRANGED A DEMONSTRATION, WITH A PULL OF THIS LEVER THE CANNON WILL DESTROY THE 40-FOOT ROBOT MOCK-UP THAT STANDS BEFORE Y.!
A HUSH SWEEPS OVER THE THOUSANDS OF ONLOOKERS AS THEY AWAIT THE BIG MOMENT...
BUT THEN...
PTTT
SLOWLY, INEXORABLY THE RACEWAY FILLS WITH NOISE AS THE PEOPLE IN THE STANDS
.. JOIN THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE MEDIA ..
.. IN RAUCOUS LAUGHTER.
.. A SOUND ECHOED BY MILLIONS OF PEOPLE AROUND THE COUNTRY WATCHING THE FIASCO ON TELEVISION
AND B.B. BLACKROCK HEARS EVERY CHUCKLE.


HELLO, MR. BLACKROCK.
JOSIE!
YOU DID THIS TO ME. YOU SABOTAGED THE CANNON!
A MATTER OF ELECTRICAL INTERFERENCE, PARTICULARLY SIMPLE AFTER I PROGRAMMED THE CANNON'S DESIGN SPECS INTO MYSELF AT YOUR OFFICE.
NOW YOU HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO SAY I AM THE REAL SECRET WEAPON YOU INTENDED TO USE ALL along!
SHE'S RIGHT--I'M TRAPPED! BUT I CAN'T LET HER--
BUT G.B.'S THOUGHTS ARE DRAMATICALLY INTERRUPTED WHEN...
DO NOT RESIST, HUMANS! SUBMIT TO THE WILL OF STARSCREAM!
SKREEE!
OR ELSE.
FALL BEFORE THE SONIC FURY OF
FRENZY!! HA HA HA!
RUM
BUTRUMM
OHHHH!

HA! HA-HA-HA!
JAZZ--!
UNDERSTOOD, G.B.! WE'RE PARTNERS, AFTER ALL!
AN AUTOBOT--HERE! NO MATTER--YOU'LL BE A FLAMING PIECE OF JUNK WHEN I'M DONE WITH YOU! HA HA HA!
ANOTHER ROBOT! YOU WILL BE THE FIRST TO FEEL THE SEARING STING OF CIRCUIT-BREAKER!
BZZZZAKKKK
HEY, BE COOL, LADY! THAT'S MY RIFLE YOU'RE DISRUPT--
--YAARRGH!
FORTUNATELY FOR YOU, JAZZ, MY CLUSTER BOMBS ARE IN PROPER WORKING ORDER!
THOOOM
JOSIE, PLEASE, LEAVE HIM ALONE! HE'S ON OUR SIDE!
HE'S A ROBOT. HE MUST BE DESTROYED!
MEANWHILE...
RUN, HUMANS! FLEE BEFORE THE FEARSOME FIREPOWER OF STAR-SCREAM!
PKOW PKOW PKOW

I'VE STAYED IN THE BACKGROUND LONG ENOUGH!
IT'S TIME FOR WHEELJACK...
...TO SHOW HIS STUFF!
ALL RIGHT, YOU MICRO-BRAINED MANIAC! GET READY TO JOIN THE SCRAPHEAP!
ANOTHER AUTOBOT?
BLAM
HAVE A MAGNETIC POWDER BATH, CON!
WOOSH
HUH...? ALL THESE OBJECTS ARE FLYING TOWARD ME--
--!
GUESS THEY FIND YOU ATTRACTIVE, FRENZY!
AND I FIND YOU TO BE MY NEXT VICTIM!
MY-MY JET ENGINES AREN'T REACTING TO MY COMMANDS--I'M LOSING POWER!
THAT FLESHLING--IT'S INTERFERING WITH MY ELECTRICAL SYSTEMS--BUT IT'S ONLY A HUMAN!
SPEAK!
AND THEREFORE YOUR BETTER, ROBOT!

THANKS FOR THE HELPING HANDS, FRIEND!
YOU DARE PRESUME FRIENDSHIP--YOU, A WRETCHED ROBOT?!
AIIEEEE!
SHORTLY, WHEN MY POWER RECHARGES, I WILL END YOUR EXISTENCE--FOREVER!
JOSIE, YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING! YOU'RE LETTING THE BLIND HATRED YOU FEEL FOR ROBOTS INTERFERE WITH YOUR BETTER JUDGEMENT!
MEANWHILE, STARSCREAM HAS RECOVERED FROM HIS CRASH AND TRANSFORMED TO HIS ROBOT MODE...
CLUNK
COME, FRENZY...
OOOOHHH...
...SUCH OPPOSITION WAS... UNANTICIPATED! NEXT TIME WE'LL BE...UM...PREPARED TO DEAL WITH IT!
I UNDERSTAND HOW YOU FEEL, YOUR THIRST FOR VENGEANCE! I FELT THE SAME WAY! BUT NOW I UNDERSTAND--ALL ROBOTS ARE NOT THE SAME! THESE TWO ARE OUR FRIENDS!
I KNOW YOU'RE DOING THIS BECAUSE YOU THINK YOU OWE ME, BECAUSE YOU WANT TO HELP...

... BUT IT'S I WHO OWE YOU!! AND I CAN NEVER REPAY YOU FOR THE ACCIDENT I ALLOWED TO HAPPEN TO YOU!
SO PLEASE, JOSIE, DON'T DO IT, NOT FOR ME! I DON'T WANT YOUR HELP IF IT MEANS DESTROYING INNOCENT BEINGS!
KBLAM
WE'RE EVEN, MR. BLACKROCK. I'VE ACCEDED TO YOUR WISHES.
WHATEVER I FELT I OWED YOU HAS BEEN REPAID.
BUT THE NEXT TIME WE MEET, I'M ON MY OWN, AND NOTHING YOU SAY WILL STOP ME.
WHAT DID SHE MEAN BY THAT, G.B.?
I'M AFRAID IT MEANS BY BEING INCAPABLE OF UNDERSTANDING, JOSIE'S BECOME THE VERY THING SHE BELIEVES EACH OF YOU ROBOTS TO BE-- AN EMOTIONLESS, INHUMAN KILLER.
EVEN THOUGH SHE'S THE ONLY ONE OF THE COMBATANTS WHO EMERGED FROM THE BATTLE UNSCATHED... SHE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO TRULY LOST...
NEXT: INTRODUCING: THE CONSTRUCTICONS!